

## **The Most Extraordinary Person by Luddleston**

**Category:** Welcome to Night Vale

**Genre:** M/M

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Carlos (Welcome to Night Vale), Cecil (Welcome to Night Vale)

**Relationships:** Carlos/Cecil (Welcome to Night Vale)

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2013-09-06

**Updated:** 2013-09-06

**Packaged:** 2022-12-19 11:36:26

**Rating:** General Audiences

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 584

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

Night Vale has gone to bed, but Cecil and Carlos attempt staying awake for conversation. The only problem is that the coffee machine turned into green slime earlier that morning and Cecil can't bring himself to stay awake. Mostly sleepy cuddles. Lots of sleepy cuddles.

## The Most Extraordinary Person

### Author's Note:

- For [MurphyAT](#).

“And I’ve always found it quite odd, how no one seems to acknowledge or notice the fact that the sun definitely set five minutes later than ordinary last night. Don’t you, Cecil? Cecil?” Carlos glanced at the figure to his left, assuming that Cecil was once again staring off into space, probably at Carlos’s hair (again). Cecil was not, in fact, continuing in his strange fixation with Carlos’s everything, which Carlos still couldn’t get over, given how awkward and overwhelmingly average in appearance he was. His head was tipped forward and he was curled into a little ball, his breathing significantly slower than usual.

Carlos shook his head. “I mean, I know I’m boring, but did you really have to fall asleep?” he asked, but the question wasn’t really directed at Cecil, since he said it so quietly. Carlos felt slightly creepy observing it, but Cecil was admittedly beautiful when he slept, his expressive features softened significantly, making him look much younger (even though Carlos had lately been noting that he had no idea what age Cecil was). Carlos was fascinated by the fact that Cecil, who was the most extraordinary person he’d met, could look quite so ordinary while he slept. He looked much smaller, too, even though Carlos knew Cecil was nearly five inches taller than him.

Cecil’s head suddenly jerked up and he blinked very fast before glancing at Carlos. He adjusted his glasses as he came to. “Carlos! I’m so sorry, I didn’t mean to fall asleep, it’s just been a long day and your voice is so beautiful and quiet... not that your voice puts me to sleep! I’m just...” he yawned widely before continuing, “...really tired. The coffeepot broke down at the station, well, actually it just dissolved into green slime and so I didn’t get coffee and I’m so sorry, Carlos--” Carlos leaned in and kissed away his stream of babbling apologies, leaving Cecil was that dazed and sort of giddy look he always got.

Cecil giggled (Carlos had never heard another grown man giggle, but for some reason it sounded natural coming from Cecil), and cuddled up against Carlos's chest, in that way where he felt like he was somehow wrapping himself around Carlos's body.

"You don't need to apologize," Carlos said, rubbing the back of Cecil's neck absently, and Carlos swore Cecil was purring. "I just forget that sometimes science isn't interesting to everybody."

"Oh no!" Cecil protested, his head jerking up so he could look Carlos in the eyes, "I find it fascinating, I just... I'm sleepy." Carlos had to keep from letting out the laugh stuck in his chest, because Cecil saying the kinds of words he would never use on the radio was always sort of amusing to him.

"I can go if you want to sleep," Carlos said, shifting to get off Cecil's couch.

Cecil's grip on him tightened. "No, you can stay," he said, adding a quiet, "if you want."

"Okay," Carlos said, relaxing back onto the couch. He wondered if this meant he was staying the night. He was sure the other scientists would have something to say about that, and probably wouldn't hear it if he tried to convince them nothing happened. Still, it was worth it, because Cecil was almost unnaturally warm and Carlos was once again amazed at how they fit together so comfortably.

"Good night, Carlos," Cecil said quietly, reaching up to take off his glasses and put them on the coffee table, "good night."